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EDITORIAL ETCHINGS.

ASSING events are so momentous in character as to absorb public attention, to the exclusion of all other interests. The Directory of the Cosmopolitan Art Association has, therefore, wisely deferred their claims to attention until a moment when the crisis will have passed, when the people can once more give heed to the claims of art and literature. It will be seen by the Bulletin Prospectus, that the lists are open to April 18th for subscriptions to the seventh year's benefits, which are arranged upon a scale of unusual liberality. To that announcement we desire to call the attention of all who care for the amenities of life as well as for its necessities.

—At the Artists' reception (referred to in "Art Gossip") we overheard an *aside* which throws some light upon artistic financiering. Said a gentleman to another, *sotto voce*: "You see that picture by —?" "Yes; fine thing." "It's mine!" "Glad to hear it; it will give quite an artistic air to your parlor-walls." "Ah! but you see I don't design it for that; I bought it on speculation, you see." "Ah, how is that?" "Why, the artist wanted to sell it last week, reserving the privilege of its exhibition here to-night. He sorely wanted money, and offered it for fifty dollars." "Fifty dollars! It is worth one hundred and fifty!" "You are right, there. I took it with the understanding that it was to be exhibited here to-night, and sold for the artist's benefit if any offer was made. I shall hold it, you know, and pay the artist fifty dollars. Now I mean to talk it up to my friends to one hundred and fifty, and, don't you see, I shall make a nice speck? Ha! ha!"

Moral: Before you buy to "help a needy artist," be sure he gets *all* the proceeds. There is no want of artistic "sharks" in New-York.

—"Godey" makes it a feature of his incomparable *Lady's Book*, to give recipes for everything, from a pickle to a model cottage. We therefore contribute to him the following directions for preparing a delicious *homœopathic soup*:

"Take two starved pigeons, hang them by a string in the kitchen window, so that the sun will cast the shadow of the pigeons into an entirely new iron pot al-

ready on the fire, and which will hold ten gallons of water; boil the shadows over a slow fire for ten hours, and then give the patient one drop in a glass of water every ten days."

We haven't tried this soup, cause why, our pigeons are all tom cats which, from present appearances, are bound not to get poor so long as we have a kitchen-larder.

—Our boy Indivisible wanted to know why the oculists are going to flourish during the next four years? We couldn't tell. "Because we have a blinkin' (Abe Lincoln) President!" he replied, as he became invisible.

That Indivisible is a remarkable boy. He came in, the other day, with a sealed envelope, saying, "There's a note for you, sir." We opened it, and found *an out*.

He was "grinding" the plate-press one day, and stopped operations suddenly, to inquire "Why am I like the English navy in 1812?" No one could surmise. "Because I am *impressing* men (printing 'Falstaff and his Recruits') on *steel*."

He was caught smoking a pipe, one day, by a religious friend. "Ah, Indivisible," said the friend, "still worshiping your idol! Why don't you throw it away as I did mine, long ago?" "Just like you, sir: I always knew you were a weak-minded brother. You threw your idol away for somebody else to pick up; I, sir, am not so stupid, for I am *burning up* my idol, as you see!" and he puffed away very happily.

Speaking of the spring races, he said his landlady "was going to invest largely in Widow Malone." "Widow Malone! What horse is that?" cried one. "I never heard of such a horse," said another. "Never did, hey?" said Indivisible. "Come around to my house to-morrow-morning, and I will show you the choicest bit of flesh for a scrub race you ever saw." The friends went around at the stipulated time, prepared to view a new and gallant horse for sweepstakes. Passing up to Indivisible's room, the friends met a burly Irish woman on the stairs, cleaning them. "Ah, *are* you here?" said he. "Glad you're come. Here, Widow Malone, show yourself to these gentlemen!" he cried to the woman. She advanced up the stairs. "There she is, gentlemen; the greatest 'scrubber' you ever saw; my landlady is going to invest *strong* in her in the spring *scrub* course, *she is*!" "Sold!" cried friend No. 1. "Count me in for a *smash*, Indivisible," cried No. 2, as they

slid down the banisters and disappeared at the front door.

—A good epigram is a good thing. Here is one with a personal zest to it. It comes from the "lady in brown:"

"Oh, Venus, fairest of the name!
Say, wilt thou not engage
Into the crowded book of Fame
To squeeze another *Page*?"

"I cannot answer that to-day,
For Fame I've been in search;
But book nor cover can I find,
For Fame has *gone to Church*!"

"Well, well, let her go to Church, and when she comes back she'll be in a humor to look at 'Moses.'" "I'm afraid," said Venus, glancing over at Mount Horeb, "that Moses will not 'draw' so well as he ought to, because he is not drawn as well as he ought to be."

—With the coming of spring come *snakes*, of which we are not *particularly* fond, except when they furnish occasion for a good story. Such a thing occurs in a recent production of the author of the "Miss Slimmens," and the "Rasher Family" papers. A Yankee is telling his experiences to an English serving-man, of the House of Lancaster, accidentally dwelling on the Illinois prairies. He says:

"Have you ever had any fights with the snakes since you settled in these parts? Massasowgers thick about here, ain't they? Last week as I was walking through the big woods to the north of here about fifty miles, I saw suthin' a rolling along that looked like a hoop to a nail-keg. 'Jehosaphat!' says I to myself, 'what on airth makes that hoop trundle along without anybody's help?' and I hadn't any more'n got the thought into my mind, than I recollected what I'd been told about a certain kind of snake called a hoop snake, that rolled after that fashion, and struck with its tail, and that it was deadly pisen—at least twice as pisenous as the rattlesnake. By the time I'd come to this conclusion 'twan't ten feet from me; 'twan't no use to run, for, though Zeke Purson's got purty long legs, they wouldn't stand any chance at all against travellin' by wheel, as that feller travelled. Well, sir, I didn't have time to *think* what to do, but I done it by instinct; jist as he'd got about one more turn to make, I gave a rousing jump, and jumped clear over him. By the time he'd picked himself up and looked around, I was ready to spring back again; and

thar we had it, backards and foreards for at least an hour. It's a peccoliaritiy of the hoop-snake that it can't turn without some trouble, though it can run like lightnin'. My only chance was to tire him out; and finally, whether he got tired, or felt ashamed of himself, or was too much astonished at the look of things to keep on tryin', I can't say, but he jist wheeled about, and rolled off in another direction as fast as his fatigue would allow him. It's a wonder he didn't bite himself, he got so all-fired mad. Wa'll! I was a little used up myself—felt as if the hinges of my back wanted 'ilen—and I felt relieved when he *slid*, I did."

We may safely pronounce this one of the *toughest* yarns we have unravelled this many a day.

A correspondent comes at us with another snake story, for which he "vouches that it might, could, would, and should have happened up in Iowa, toward the frontier." He says:

"We have the greatest coward about snakes up in Calhoun, that lives in America. He came from the East last spring, and bought a farm close to where I live; and for the fust six months in the country I don't think he slept two hours a night; he was afraid to cradle it, for he felt sure that a snake would manage some way or other to get in his bed. He sowed a nice piece of oats, but the snakes prevented his harvesting it. Tell you how it was. When the oats got ripe he was full of snakes, and sure that he'd get bit if he ventured over the fence. One day, he concluded he'd take a look to see if there were many snakes in the patch; so he got his old horse, and after leading him through the gap, and laying up the fence to keep the hogs out, he took an old scythe snathe in his hand to fight with in case of an attack, mounted his horse, and struck boldly out into the oats, holding up both legs as high as possible. He hadn't gone far when he saw a whaling big snake slipping along the oats after him. Away he went, round and round the patch, and away went the snake right along with him, sometimes on one side and sometimes on the other, sometimes behind and sometimes before. He couldn't get out of the lot because the fence was up, and as the snake kept constantly with him, there was no chance but to leave the old horse, and try to keep out of its way. He went it in that way till every stalk of his oats was

tramped down, and until the old horse was just about dead, when he'd discovered that he'd been running all the while from the shadow of his scythe snathe."

Perhaps some correspondent knows a better story, if so, don't fail to "propose" it to the readers of "the papers," which never *do* tell anything but what is true.

Here is an enigma, offered by "Junia," who will unriddle it?

In beauty I play through the long sunny hours,
And sport in the blushes of summer's bright flowers;
I come in sweet music of sadness and mirth—
In slumbers I visit the weary of earth.

With the mournful I linger when others have flown,
And with youth I remain when its hopes are gone;
In sunlight I visit the sorrowful heart,
Without me youth, beauty, and trust would depart.

Without me your pleasures would cease to be pleasures,
Your treasures without me no longer be treasures;
And indeed on reflection you surely must see,
That a union without me of course cannot be.

In conclusion I modestly, finally insist,
That you cannot a moment without me exist,
While I, now I know it indeed to be true,
In pleasure can live very well without you.

—Every profession has its miseries—even the *profession* of love. Why then may not the portrait painter be permitted to put in his complaint?

Dear Editor, C. A. J.: I am a portrait-painter by profession. I assure you the situation is a delicate one to fill. In order to succeed, one requires some talent as an artist, but a good deal also of a different kind of talent. "Vanity, vanity, all is vanity, saith the preacher."—It doubtless originated with a portrait-painter, that wise and familiar proverb did. For who should be so quick as he to discover this state of things? Yesterday, little Miss Cecilia Becoom came in. She said she'd like me to "take her picture, if I would not put in the pug part of her nose. Lord! oh dear! couldn't I paint her eyes blue, just as easy as to make them gray?—she doted on blue eyes, and she wouldn't have it at all (the portrait)—if I didn't make the eyes blue,—but I might give them her *expression*!" The day before that I had a call from as ugly an old fellow as ever you saw; but he dangled an immense gold watch-chain, and had "well-to-do" written all over him! He said he was able to pay well for a portrait, and he would, if he got one to suit him,—but the artists, confound 'em, always got his wrinkles and that great mole in,—but he shouldn't mind that so much, if I only got his *smile* in,"—and he sat down and *smiled*! The per-

spiration started from every pore at the idea of doing justice to the terrible smile.

This morning, a tall, thin spinster made her appearance, robed in deep blue, which contrasted well with her saffron skin; her hair was in juvenile ringlets, and she held a book in her hand. "She wished to be painted, for her friends, and perhaps (mysteriously) for posterity. She did not care about my making her beautiful, but she hoped and trusted I would catch the inspired and intellectual glow which her features wore, either when composing herself or reading the compositions of her favorite authors,"—and, sitting down, she unclosed the volume of Longfellow's Poems, and began to get up *the glow*.

A little later, a mother came in with one of those desperate urchins who are the terror of all decent people; his short black hair stuck up straight, an inch in length, over his head, his eyes were crossed, and one was blue and the other black; he was freckled, and his nose looked like a "split pear;" part of his front teeth were gone, and the new ones not in. The mother wanted "her pretty, precious Freddy's profile taken right away, because he was now at the most interesting age, so cunning and so handsome! Did I think I could paint the little fellow so good-looking as he was?"

Well! well! its my business to make reflections, and I make them; and if my views of life are colored by my peculiar experience, I have canvassed my subjects thoroughly, and have grounds for my complaints. If any of my future sitters are readers of your journal, I trust they will pay, before entering my studio.

"Oh wad some power the gift would gie us," &c.

—Our progenitors did not regard low-neck dresses with so much favor as their *more refined* descendants of to-day. In proof we may cite an old law on the statute book of the Keystone State, as follows:—"That if any white female, of ten years or upwards, should appear in any public street, lane, highway, church, court-house, tavern, ball-room, theatre, or any other place of public resort, with naked shoulders (i. e., low-necked dresses), being able to purchase necessary clothing, shall forfeit and pay a fine not less than one nor more than two hundred dollars." The closing paragraph of the law, however, permitted women of questionable character to bare their shoulders,

as a badge of distinction between the chaste and unchaste!

—All about dress. Miss Blivins writes us her "peregrinations" occasionally. Her last is as follows:—A great deal of ridicule has been cast upon the present fashion of women's dress, but we are convinced that they are *steeled* against it, and we might as well let the matter close until they drop it themselves; when they do, all this *bustle* about it will subside. As for their long dresses, they declare no gentleman will be so blundering as to step on them, unless he is "*on a train*;" or, we think from the attitude of the arrested feminine, that he must at least be on a "*bender*." "I shall have to tear myself away," is a common expression, on such occasions, even between strangers. Which reminds us to inquire, why ladies' dresses are like soda biscuits? Because they need shortening.

—We cheerfully read contributions inclosed to us, where the MS. is perfectly legible, written on one side only, and shows at a glance that the author knows how to express her or himself. But, MS. which is written in a blind, blurred hand, on both sides of the sheet, is, we may say, the especial horror of editors; and many a really good contribution is marked "Rej." for no other reason than the editor's want of time and patience to decipher the chirography. We have on hand several of such MSS. which we should be glad to have re-prepared, viz:—"Spectre-dreams and phantasms"—"A Prism-picture"—"Life of an Atelier habitée"—"Three Principles of Color"—"Purity a Principle, not a Quality," &c., &c. Those of our friends who ask us to "read their compositions, and criticise them," are asking a favor we cannot grant, if for no other good reason, we may plead for want of time. It is a good idea for the young to write upon any given theme, and have their work submitted to some elder and properly-qualified person for corrections and criticism; but we are too much occupied to perform such an office, and must here decline to receive the remittances prepared by several of our young friends. —Did any of our friends ever break their hearts over a valentine? We here offer something for their consolation, from the pen of the piquant "Blanche D'Artois:"—

I sat by the casement—on Valentine's day—
And gazed on the snow-banks all melting away;
I wondered if *hearts* melt as quickly as they,
When Love smiles upon them on Valentine's day!

I sat by the casement—my frame in a tingle
With cold—while I listened the merry bells jingle,
I wondered if Cupid kept sober, alway,
While out masquerading—on Valentine's day!

I sat by the casement—reflecting how many
Mad lovers would squander their very last penny
Those "hard times"—for Valentines, trying to say—
Vive la bagatelle—Cupid! 'tis Valentine's day.

"Audacious!" I started: *un coup de la pignon*;
I turned, and *en tableau*, stood Cupid; *le mignon*.
Temere jeune étranger! I claim you my prey:
Love empties his quiver on Valentine's day.

—There are weather "signs," no matter what the wise ones may say to the contrary. No one better than a well-studied artist knows that the *colors* of the sky are correct guides and almost certain prognosticators of the weather. Thus, not only does a crimson or rosy sunset presage fair weather, and a ruddy sunrise bad weather, but there are other tints which speak with equal clearness and accuracy. A bright yellow sky in the evening indicates wind; a pale yellow, wet; a neutral gray color constitutes a favorable sign in the evening, an unfavorable one in the morning. The clouds again are full of meaning in themselves. If their forms are soft, undefined, and feathery, the weather will be fine; if their edges are hard, sharp and definite, it will be foul. Generally speaking, any deep unusual hues betoken wind or rain, while the more quiet and delicate tints bespeak fair weather. Some artists do not understand these physical relations and facts in nature's expression; consequently make many mistakes in trying to render Nature on canvas.

—Beyond question one of the greatest of modern painters was Turner. His extraordinary capacity in composition rendered his work at times extremely rough in detail and indefinite in form—so much so that many of his canvases which impress the mind with a sense of wondrous beauty and power, if analyzed in detail, prove to be exceedingly crude and inharmonious. An anecdote related by a contemporary gives us the key to his style, and illustrates a fact in art which none so well know as artists, viz: that forms are nothing, except as they supply contrasts for color and gradation of perspective.

"An engraver, engaged in transferring one of Turner's paintings to steel, came one morning to the great artist, and owned, not without hesitation and fear of exciting his anger, that, though he had tried his best, he could not distinguish

what object was meant to be represented by a dab of bright color in the immediate fore-ground of the picture.

Turner looked at it for awhile, then said: "What do you think it is."

"I can't tell, sir," was the reply; "but if I were to make a guess, I should think it might be a wheelbarrow."

"Very well! Then make it a wheelbarrow," said Turner, and dismissed the engraver. The shape of the object made no difference to him, but the color was everything; and this great stress placed upon general effect and harmony of color in a picture probably led to that indistinctness in detail which he declared to be his weak point."

—JUNIA is merciless on "the fellers." One of them requested a compliment from the belle, whereupon she thus addresses him:

Oh, since you would, respected sir,
"An humble little note prefer,"
To which *you* might with grace defer;

I must request that you'll dispose
Of somewhat of your handsome nose,
And sundry inches of your toes:

I must request that from your heart,
You'll force the idol to depart
Your mirror will to you impart:

That from your mind, profoundly great,
You'll cast aside the deadly weight
Of vanity and pride elate;

That, from your empty noggin, sir,
You'll cast the wealth of love so dear,
Of all the ladies far and near,

Or else, beneath the weight I know,
The muse would sink to Jericho,
Or other regions far below.

Adieu, sir knight, a last adieu!
Fond thought, whenever it turns to you,
In dreams brings Esop's fly to view,

Who sang unto its latest days,
Upon an axle wheel its lays,
Of—"see! see! what a dust I raise."

—This is a great generation of delights to the little folks. What with jumpers, carriages, rocking-horses, propellers, *young America* is most delightfully cared for; but now comes the acme to their dreams in the "Delight" horse advertised in our columns. The *machine* is just what is represented—a most charming *companion* for the children.

—Ladies! Look to your interests by closely examining the special offers to your sex in the Prospectus. The "Josephine Gallery," offered as a gift for a club of six, is a truly handsome and pleasing offer. Let every one of our lady friends secure it by the trifling exertion necessary to obtain six subscribers!